

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THE RULING PASSION.

A tiny tot of only three.
Sweet as dew the rose blossoms,
I gayly dance upon my knee
The while I tell her fairy tales.
Unconscious of her beauty,
"No care," says I, "such loves distress!"
Dear me," says she, "I wonder how
I'd better make my dolly's dress?"

A fair young bird in queenly gown
Comes down the grand cathedral aisle;
The sun is bright, the birds are singing,
And on her lips a smiling smile,
In her heart a prayer—not so,
For truly there're no comebacks
With love like that. "I like to know
What folks are saying of my dress?"

A matron near the gates of death
With weeping blinder'd her lids;
All fearful that each fleeting breath
Would bring her soon to the tomb,
She tried to close it in a friendly clasp
The kindly form that bends above,
With her dying breath she gasps:
"See that my shroud is ruffed, love!"

If all the scriptures say is true,
Then I'll be born again ten to one,
Is that about it by when you
And I may meet when life is done.
But all the joys designed to these—
Bright crests and harps with golden strings—
Won't please the woman there unless
Each has the sainest pair of wings.
—Memphis Appeal.



CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Nearly thirty years have gone by since Charles Dickens wrote about the Savoy churchyard and the quiet preachers who were buried there, and the dove falls here," he said; "the only dove that is shed in all London, beyond the tears of the homeless." And those very words may be spoken of this spot to-day, so green and fresh is the grass, and so beautiful are the trees. The place is unchanged, and the familiar figure of the chaplain, known and loved by everybody, is still constantly seen in his old haunts. The surroundings are altered; "the simple dwelling houses of the year ago have given way to more pretentious and even blinds," have been swept away, but the coals still "tough their sent-westers to him as guides about," and the children's faces brighten at his greeting.

The churchyard was quiet and deserted when Olive ventured in and sat down to rest upon a seat under the trees. She was in perfect harmony with the tranquil lights and shadows; and the grave beauty of the old gray walls on which the record of centuries was written, yet with a sense of no sign of neglect or decay. The chaplain, in its venerable strength, stood in the midst of all the active life of to-day, and linked the present to the past. In that old church, the good and peaceful Fuller spoke loving words to those who sat within the walls, and crowded about the windows and doors to get within reach of his voice. And there, too, he preached his last sermon to the world, and went to his reward with the consciousness of the purity of his flocks, and was carried out of his beloved sanctuary to die. There were no regrets for the dignities so lately bestowed upon him, no trembles about worldly things; but only "all humble thankfulness and abomination to God's welcome presence."

Olive sat there and meditated, and saw the yellow leaves dropping slowly in the still sunniness. Watching them idly with a keen, sharp eye, she remembered that these same leaves had taken the sun and dew of spring; and all the freshness and fragrance of those earlier days came back to her with a sudden thrill, stirring her with emotions which she had believed to be almost dead. How soon the autumn of her life had come! It was tranquillity it might be sweet; but the gladness of springtime is the one irrecoverable joy that this world can, never be granted to us again.

She was no longer bitter and deolate, yet the sense of a lost youth (which comes often to those still young, than to the old) was too strong for her at this moment. Something arose in her throat; the tears filled her eyes, and she thought she would allow them to flow without restraint. They did flow, and plentifully. Once set free, they were uncontrollable, and thoughts of a mother's arms came crowding after them. Every scene in her brief experience seemed to be suddenly revived at this moment; voices, long-hushed, were calling to her from the past, and drowning all the sounds of the present. The habit of self-restraint, so constantly cultivated for the sake of others, was broken through at last.

When at length her bowed head was lifted, some one spoke to her in a calm tone that she had heard before. She looked up, startled and yet strangely quieted, and met the gaze of the speaker. It was Mr. Sidney, the chaplain.

"You are in trouble," said the quiet voice, with its penetrating sweetness. "You are in trouble, and you need help and comfort."

As he stood there, tall and of dignified bearing, she found courage to glance at him a second time. He was a man who looked as if he could stand alone with a single prop and al-

though he had a most benign face, it were an expression of authority. While he was speaking Olive had held her last tears, and she answered him with a gentle frankness that touched him.

"I have had sorrow, but it is over," she said. "I came here because the place is so still and restful; and then I began to cry unawares."

"You are looking tired." He was watching her narrowly, and read the signs of quiet patience in her beautiful young face. "Do you live far off?"

"Oh, no," I live with my brother who is bookbinder close by. Last Sunday I came here for the first time. It was a surprise to come suddenly on this green spot; I had been longing for a sight of grass and trees, for I was born in the country."

The chaplain knew well enough that this shabby nook had been a refuge to many who were "born in the country." He had seen men and women come here to renew the youth of the spirit under the influence of the quiet spots left in the heart of London, where old memories may live and grow.

Then he talked to Olive of the ancient churchyard and its history; and of other things; and she listened and wondered a little at her own perfect uninterest in his presence. She would not have wondered, perhaps, had she realized that he had been directing people's lives for years, learning their griefs, and making himself fully acquainted with their hopes and fears and blunders. All sorts and conditions of men were confided to him; and to him he could have told how Tom and Sue in the court had got into the habit of knocking each other about the head; and why Lord and Lady Hightower in Mayfair never spoke a word nowadays, when they chanced to be left alone together. He possessed the rare gift of unlocking hearts; and such a gift is only held by one who is a born director and spiritual guide of men.

Mr. Sidney had no mystical tendencies; like life was to him, a walk, an intense, almost interest in the lives around him to have time for mystical thoughts. He believed strongly in the helping power of human agency and had all kinds of questions referred to him by all kinds of persons. He did not write books; he preferred to live in people's hearts rather than on the shelves of their libraries. Even his sermons were rarely to be found in print, and in shore he was not one of those who desire to leave a great name behind him. He had been a simple soul while he lived here; to lift others out of the slough of despond and lead them with a firm hand up to those delectable mountains where his own soul rejoiced in pure air, this was his daily task.

Before Olive left the old churchyard the chaplain had learned her simple history, and was quietly devising plans for her future good. She went back to the Wakes with a brighter face than when she had come, for a poor day had not been without a few hours of pleasure. She had found a new friend, "the father," he has found me. It is Mr. Sidney."

Samuel looked at her with a smile of infinite content. "I have been waiting," he answered. "I knew a fresh wind would blow into you life, but I did not know what quarter it would come from."

CHAPTER XIV.— SEAWARD AT HOME.

"There is no reason why I should not bring her to see pictures," said the chaplain. "You say you can count upon Miss Villiers?"

"Most certainly," Seaward answered. "Adeline is a comrade true and tried. Already she has seen Miss Winfield in the flower-shop, and does not wonder that I want to know more of her. There is not an atom of real jealousy between us. Adeline—Adeline is a woman; and a woman is always a woman; she would be happy in her own way. Poor girl! I wish I was quite sure about her happiness."

The chaplain and the painter had dined together and were now talking quietly over a bright fire. The weather was clear and cold; heavy curtains kept out all possible draughts, deep chairs invited rest; the warm light fell on panelled walls, painted by Seaward himself. Here were golden wheatsheaves, mingled with scarlet poppies and ox-eyed daisies; there was a mossy bough, laden with blossom; a glimpse of shining water and dark rushes filled another panel; the next showed a fragment of snowy woodland. It was a perfect room to spend a winter evening in. It glowed with rich colors, and above all, with all arrangements for ease and comfort.

"She will soon be married, I suppose?" Mrs. Villiers told me that the time was almost fixed," said the chaplain.

"Granry wants to fix everything," cried Seaward, in an angry tone. "Nothing is definitely settled yet. Adeline has not made up her mind, and I begged her not to be hurried. Sometimes it occurs to me that we are all too hasty with girls, especially. She is more and more surprised at Claud's curious languor. No one has ever given her even the faintest hint of that disastrous affair of his."

"Has he not got over that affair?" the chaplain asked.

"No; and I don't believe he ever will. He knows that he behaved like a scoundrel."

"He wanted to marry Mrs. Villiers' companion. Was not that it?" said Mr. Sidney.

"Yes. My grandmother had engaged a young woman as maid,

just as she was starting for the West. The girl was singularly clever and beautiful, and actually found her way into the old lady's affections. When they returned she was no longer mad, but companion. And then Claud met her in the house in Curzon street, and straightway fell in love."

"They must have attracted Mrs. Villiers' notice," said the chaplain. "She was keen-sighted, I fancy."

"No; she was quite blind. Moreover, my mother was set on marrying Claud to Adeline, and she thought of nothing else. It was a pity that her eyes were not opened sooner."

"But they were opened at last?"

"Yes; just when things had gone so far that it was a sin to interfere. Claud was passionately in love; and upon my word I believe that the girl was as good as gold. He had the banns published in a church that was never attended by anyone before, and everything was arranged between the pair. Then he sent a note early in the month to be married; but on the preceding Sunday the plot was discovered."

"How?" asked the chaplain.

"I can hardly tell. It was the housekeeper who had set a watch, I think. Anyhow, Mrs. Villiers burst upon them in a storm of fury, and the companion was sent out of the house that very day. She thought, of course, poor girl, that her lover would keep his word at all costs, but she leaned upon a broken

"I have not flattered her in the least," remarked Seaward, and then, without further comment, he carried the picture out of the light, and put it gently down in the corner once more. Only this time the face was not turned towards the wall.

They went downstairs and parted somewhat gravely in the hall.

"On Saturday afternoon," the chaplain said, "I will bring Miss Winfield." "No; she was quite blind. Moreover, my mother was set on marrying Claud to Adeline, and she thought of nothing else. It was a pity that her eyes were not opened sooner."

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THEY WERE NOW TALKING QUIETLY.

reed. He did follow her, but it was only to bewail his own weakness and beg to be set free."

The chaplain's contempt was too strong to be put into words; and Seaward went on:

"He got his release, it seems, easily enough. The girl was as proud as an empress, too proud even to load him with reproaches. She let him go in silence, and then vanished out of life forever. He does not even know whether she is living or dead."

Then there was a pause, a silence leaped up with a suddenness like the chaplain's thoughtful face, which looked sterner now than Aylstone had ever seen it before. When Mr. Sydney broke the hush he spoke in a tone of deep indignation.

"And you will let Miss Villiers marry her cousin without hemming a word of this story, Aylstone?"

"She came in one day quite gayly, and told me that she had just seen Miss Winfield and replied: "I went to him and urged him strongly to tell Adeline everything. But he had given grandmother a solemn promise to say nothing. And so the engagement has gone dawdling on; the man always depressed and conscience-stricken, and the girl puzzled and dissatisfied!"

"But it ought not to go on. You know that?"

"Yes; I have been hoping against hope to stop him from doing it, but I have seen him do it, and I am afraid he will do it again. At first I thought that Adeline, bright and attractive as she is, would help Claud to begin a new life and a new love. But I have never been happy about the matter; and I see plainly that Claud cannot forget."

"You have all behaved cruelly to Miss Villiers," said the chaplain uncompromisingly. "If this story is handed up to the marriage, it is bound to come out afterwards. And I judge Adeline will always be a woman who would suffer acutely under the blow of such a disclosure. Besides this ill-used girl may reappear!"

"I have thought of that," Seaward answered sadly. "And yet I fancied that she would not live long after Claud's desertion. Hers was the kind of beauty that one always associates with early decay."

"The girl was very beautiful."

"Would you like to see her portrait?" said Aylstone. "I made a study of her head."

The chaplain assented, and Seaward led him up to the studio. Then he turned up the lamp, and went to a corner where two or three unframed pictures were leaning against the wall.

"This always meant to put her into a picture," he said. "I had an idea in my mind, but I never carried it out, and then she disappeared; and somehow I have never cared to look often at this."

He turned the canvas to the light, and showed a pure delicate face, and a soft mass of golden hair, in which was a spray of Jessamine. Only the head was finished; some filmy drapery, gathered loosely round the shoulders, was put in with a few careless touches. But it was a life-like countenance that looked back on the girls with beautiful melancholy eyes and a faint smile.

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SANDBAGS NOT IN VOGUE.

The Modern Methods Used by Highwaymen in Robbing Victims.

"You hear a great deal about 'sandbagging' just now," said a central station detective. "The sandbag is no longer used by a professional criminal; there are better ways of robbing a man than by knocking him over the head with a weapon which, if found on the possessor, would make it pretty hard for him to escape the rough hand of justice."

"The sandbag, anyhow, is an ancient weapon. If the bandit into insensibility is desired, a 'billy' is far handier than a sandbag. Nowadays the crooks carry as few evidences of their calling as possible. A vast number of them go entirely unarmed. As for the highwaymen, many of them have neither revolver nor 'billy' when pursuing their particular business."

"The old system of garrulling is the favorite method used by the highwayman. It is invested with certain modern details. The victim, instead of being pounded into insensibility and hurt as to be permanently disabled, is left with a temporary feeling of distress, while the safety of the highwayman is assured as it was under the old plan. The modern highwaymen travel in twos, threes or fours. Usually they go in pairs. It is late at night we'll say, when the highwaymen are started. One of them carries along a pistol, and the two men walking slowly, almost side by side. Perhaps they stagger a little, as if fatigued. As the fellow in a hurry nears them they separate to let him pass between. When you see this move you can gauge the fellows as highwaymen. As our friend passes between them the nearest man throws an arm deftly under his chin and the grip on his pistol reaches him in the belt. The other fellow reaches him in the stomach. In a minute the pistol is fired, the victim is down, the highwaymen are gone."

"With an occasional variation to suit circumstances this is the favorite method of the highwayman. A few try the plan of holding a revolver under a man's coat and still using the 'billy' to bring him up to the right frame of mind. But they are bunglers. If two men are walking ahead of you, or are coming toward you, and separate to let you pass between them, don't pass. Take the middle of the street and prepared to run."

"When highwaymen travel in fours they work this way: The quartet stand at a corner waiting for a victim. They see him in the distance approaching. The two on the crook's end make a dash, while the two others, who are themselves crooks, dash after them. They are the ones who are to be revenged. The 'billy' and drag their victim into an alley if one is near. It is a red-letter day with Olive when Mr. Sidney took her to the painter's studio.

She had been to the exhibition of the Royal Academy with Uncle Wake, and he had pointed out all the works of great artists. She had stood spellbound before a picture of Seaward Aylstone's, and had tried afterwards to describe it to Michael. But Michael never had patience enough to listen to descriptions. He always grudged every moment that was not spent in talking about himself.

Two visitors were already in the studio when they went in. Miss Villiers was there, charmingly dressed, and she came forward and held out her hand to Olive. In the background was a tall, weary young man, whose face was like an ivy cameo, perfectly cut and colorless. And the girl remembered afterwards that his proud, unhappy face was still the same. Not but that he was a little agitated on her entrance, and answered the first words addressed to her with a bright blush, which hung in one corner of his relative's office. The boy was something new to him! He had heard of them in a general way, but had never seen one in operation, so he expressed desire to see this thing work.

"Through this little instrument," remarked the broker, "we revolutionize the customer and verbal assault upon the Central: "I am able to talk directly with my wife, who at present is in my house in Hartlepool, and hear her replies distinctly."

"Ah, hello! hello! Is that you, dear? All right. I just wanted to tell you that Cousin George is here."

"Now, cousin," concluded the broker, handing the receiver to him, "if you'll be good, you'll carefully hear exactly what she says."

He listened. Then he backed away from the instrument with a pained expression.

"Well," queried the broker, with a friendly smile, "what did she say?"

"She said: 'I hope you won't bring th' old fool home to dinner.'"

It will never be known exactly how the city cousin managed to explain things—N.Y. Commercial Advertiser.

His Ideas of Fiction Were Crude.

Miss Quillidiver—I write stories, you know. They are printed in books.

Mr. Cowperwhite—Why, you surprise me! I used to have a good deal of a reputation. I had a half-mast flag on my pavilion.

"Well," queried the broker, with a friendly smile, "what did she say?"

"She said: 'I hope you won't bring th' old fool home to dinner.'"

It never went so far as for her to pay printed for fact—Life.

